

the auricle

University of Toronto Medical Students' Newspaper • Founded 1969 • December 1999

The Medical Student Experience Towards 2000

by Connie Williams & Karen Jackson



Ever wonder how a lie detector works? Would you like to delve into the world of visual illusions and medical trivia? Try your hand at suturing? Get a cast without breaking any bones? Enjoy a BBQ-off and have all the pie you can eat... If you attended this year's U of T Day - you could have done all these things and much more.

On October 16th, first and second year medical students were proud to join other U of T faculties in opening their doors to the public. Students, family and friends were invited to tour the "Medical Student Experience" where first year students had organized interactive displays. Man-batted machine in the lie detector room and man was humbled at



the fitness display. Always a favorite amongst youngsters was the fracture clinic. Thanks to all the students who made the Med Experience a success.

The day's fun didn't end there. Throughout the afternoon, students engaged in a Battle of the Academies. With BBQ's roaring, they set out to impress the Faculty. The Cur-Cura was a real highlight of the day (thanks to Dean Naylor for the generous loan of



his vehicle - who would of believed that you could cram over 30 people in a minivan?) To finish off the challenge, students gorged themselves in a pie-eating contest. Other thanks go to the Daffydil band who provided the lunch time entertainment.

A final tradition that was carried shortly after lunch was the annual Mock Emergency presented by the first year class. This year, the Toronto Fire Department, Toronto Police Department (52 division), Campus police, St. John's Ambulance and students put on their version of "A simulated Y2K Disaster". The audience enjoyed a sound and visual display as they watched how medical and emergency personnel work together in times of crises. Special thanks to Aviv Gladman for his work in this event.

Throughout the day, a raffle was held which raised money for a charitable



youth organization. Thank you to all those who bought tickets and congratulations to our winners!

Thanks also to Evan Frost who designed the Faculty of Medicine "Towards 2000" posters. Keep your eyes open - they will be on sale soon! Get your copies while you can!

Finally, thanks go to the Medical Alumni Association for their generosity in sponsoring the "Welcome Lunch" for first year students and their families, as well as to Angelina Chan and Sunny Wong for their organization of this event.

On the whole, at U of T Day '99, the Faculty of Medicine was well represented by its students, and more importantly, a fun time was had by all.



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The Run and Hit

by Neety Panu

As you begin to read this I am sure that you are already thinking...hey, "run and hit", what's up with that, and why should I continue to read this...well, you don't have to, however, there is a purpose to my madness, so read on if you wish to educate yourself about life in general.

It all happened on a Wednesday...a beautiful Wednesday afternoon after our group finished yet another PBL case...and we were in the "room with a view" at Sunnybrook...a perfect view of the trees...ever since we began PBL that day I was thinking about going outside and beginning my training run...the weather was perfect, there was no wind, what more could one ask for...and it was to be a short day, that doesn't happen in Thunder Bay during the month of October. So anyways, PBL ended and I jolted out of my chair, did the whole Superman thing in the bathroom (unfortunately, there was no telephone booth in the nearby vicinity) and went out into the wonderful serene world (yes, I am talking about Toronto). There are several running routes that I have from Sunnybrook to downtown, it begins on residential side streets, moves into Mount Pleasant Cemetery (believe me, I never thought I would run in a cemetery, however, there is no traffic...you'll understand the significance of this point later) and on this fine day I decided to take my route through the Belt Line Trail and into Forest Hill...on this particular day I had a long training run planned, as such, I was extending my route in all possible locations, which led to my run into a park right beside Forest Hill Village. I ran my loop into the park, nothing fabulously exciting, saw some runners (incidentally, Toronto runners are a weird bunch, they rarely acknowledge other runners, what's up with that?), are their Saucy running shoes better than mine? Anyway, I finished my little loop and came out of the park and went to cross Spadina Road...yes, I decided to jaywalk. No, wait a minute, decided isn't the right terminology, I just did it because that is what I always do, I don't think just do, so there I went, in between two parked cars and was concentrating on my destination across the street. I consciously remember a black Ford Explorer, but the Honda...no, I didn't see that...next thing I know is that I was flying...flying on a cloud, nothing was going through my mind, I think my body was completely relaxed, somewhat aware that I had just been hit, but nothing was registering in the area of the brain that it supposed to register in, then I was on the ground, that's right, hard pavement...right in the middle of Spadina Road in Forest Hill Village...so what were my initial thoughts? Maybe I should get up, after all, I'm blocking a pretty busy road, how will I get downtown I don't have a subway token with me today...I guess I'll be walking...then I got up...and then I froze...traffic was stopped, people were coming from everywhere and there I looked...the car...oh yes, there had been a car...well, it used to be a decent

drivable car, until I had bodyslammed into it and had broken the windshield...that's when it began to hit me (excuse the pun) I was hit by a car and I was alive...that's right...there was nothing physically wrong with me...not a broken bone...only two minor scratches...and I just missed the kidneys...but emotionally...emotionally, I was scarred...then the people started talking...I looked like a rag doll, "it was sick, my stomach was doing flip flops"...are you sure you can walk?...the ambulance, it's on its way"...so, so overwhelming...strangers all around me while I was in the midst of one of the worst things that has happened to me...lucky we were in Forest Hill Village, let me tell you, more than enough people with cell phones came by offering to phone the ambulance...and then they came...boy, you know those basic neuro tests "what is your name", what day is it?" and so on, well, hey, when you know the answers you feel like telling the people to shut up...the next thing they did was put me in a spinal board...that's really daunting...even though I knew I was okay, because I could feel everything and besides that, I am invincible...but just the thought of being paralyzed leads you to think of consequences...it sucks...anyways, the rest of the story is probably uninteresting for you guys...going to Mt. Sinai...shocking the staff that I was alive...you see, I was told by every single individual...you should be dead...thanks, thanks for the encouragement...there's one moral, don't say that to your patients if you are working in emergency, it doesn't help...So, by now you probably want something productive out of this...you know, some sort of education...okay, there is only one thing you have to remember, and it is really simple, don't jaywalk...that sounds corny and I always thought that too...but just don't, it isn't worth it...I really didn't think that the car was there...but it was, damn it was there...this is especially important for all those people I see crossing Bay Street in the morning to get to school faster, hey guys, the few seconds aren't worth it...will you listen, probably not, I wouldn't have...Why?...because all think we are invincible...until it happens...and then things change...imagine you're doing something you love, and then in one instant, one sickening long moment you can lose it all...either you die or you are paralyzed...watching the world go by and you being unable to do what you want...the thought is just unnerving...but hey, that's your prerogative...maybe I should suggest that you should try it some time but I guess that isn't really feasible advice...nor is it any good...so in the end, at least when you are jaywalking, look both ways (take into account your blind spot) and remember you're taking a risk...somebody was looking over me that fateful October 20th 1999 as I had a completely scary experience, but that somebody or something may not be around all the time...

the auricle will return
so will Michael Bezuhly

31(1): 2 (1999)

by Edward Leung

When new editors take over a magazine or a newspaper, they always seem obliged to write an editorial on the new direction the publication is taking. In addition, they often feel the need to elaborate and promote the feature articles. Let's face it, I have never read an article based on an editorial recommendation and I don't think you have either. As for the new direction that the Auricle is taking, what you see is what you get.

So to leaves me with a lot of space to fill and nothing much to say. I might as well go into my didactic mode and bore you a little. This is a fitting tribute to those tutors and classmates of mine who feel the need to give 15-minute lectures on the most irrelevant learning objectives in PBL.

30 years ago, some enterprising medical students realized that the University of Toronto medical school needs a student newspaper. The Auricle was born. I didn't think most of you would care. Wait...Phone call...

Where was I? Who cares? I turned off call waiting during internet connection for my friend. He just called to ask me how to turn it back on.

"Why?"
"I want it."
"But then you'll be disconnected when someone calls you."

"That's fine."
"But you still can't pick up the phone to answer that call."

"I know."
"What?"

"If women call on a Saturday night, I don't want them to know I'm home."

"Huh..."

"If I'm on the internet with call waiting disabled, they'll get a busy signal and think that I'm home."

"Why don't you get call answer?"

"Same problem. The machine picks up after one ring, the women will know."

There you have it, the dilemma of a modern male professional. Amazing what trivialities cause such worries.

Interesting also how one of the most successful ad campaigns was Nike's "Just Do It" campaign. Everyone ended up wearing Nike instead of choosing whatever they wanted to wear. Ironie.

In the course of editing the Auricle, I have heard various criticisms about individual articles. If every contributor worries about what other people have to say, you'll be seeing a lot of blank pages. If you have something to say, say it here. If you have a problem with something that's in print in the Auricle, write to us and say it here.

Just do it.
Say anything.

Letter from Ontario NDP Leader: Howard Hampton

September 28, 1999

To the Editor,

I am writing to congratulate LGTBOUT on its 'Kiss-in' to protest anti-gay graffiti.

Too often graffiti aimed against a group of people is a symbol of a deeper hate which can manifest itself in actual violence. Gay bashing is unfortunately still very much a fact of life in Toronto and throughout Ontario and need to be taken more seriously.

University and community lead-

ers should be more involved in speaking out against hate crimes. People have a right to live their lives without fear of violence, discrimination and other forms of hatred. This is especially important for young people who may just be coming to terms with their sexuality.

I want to wish LGTBOUT and its supporters a rewarding year on campus.

Yours sincerely,
Howard Hampton MPP
Leader, Ontario NDP

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Howard Hampton NDP
and other anonymous contributors

Special Thanks to the staff of the Medical Education Computing Office and Dr. M.C. Goh's laboratory for their technical support.

Dear Doc

the best advice you can get for free from Dr. Kueslie

Dear Doc,

I've been coming to U of T Medical School for 2 years now and I have to say that it has been one disappointment after another. It all started in Anatomy Labs when we were given bodies that weren't already dissected for us! Where's my tuition money going anyway? It was all downhill from there. I found the class notes were not entirely completed for us and I actually had to go to class and take notes myself! And then the kicker is that it's then necessary to study these notes since the faculty deem it necessary to come up with new exam questions every year. What exactly are old exams for then? I'm also appalled by the attitude of some of our lecturers who don't show one ounce of gratitude when I take time off from my busy schedule to visit them in their office and give them constructive criticism about their teaching style and their exam question writing skills.

What do I have to do to get these people to pull up their socks and treat me with the respect I rightly deserve as a future esteemed member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons?

Frustrated (OT2)

Dear Frustrated,

You seem to be suffering from a clear cut case of a newly identified set of symptoms now known as "entitlement syndrome". If you haven't heard of this before, it's probably because you skipped Dr. T's last lecture last year since it wasn't on the exam. Basically, you feel that because you put so much effort into your med school application you should no longer have to do any work. There is also a persistent and deep seeded belief that the world should treat you like a god because you survived the highly selective admission process. Unfortunately, there's little that can be done to deflate your superhuman ego. However you may want to look into an new experimental treatment known as an egoectomy, in which a neurosurgeon removes the nucleus godus complex from your frontal lobe transnasally. This is followed by weeks of high voltage shock therapy and "Intervention Therapy" where you are locked in a room with a group of highly intelligent, underpaid graduate students. Few survive this harrowing ordeal but the alternative, living with yourself, may make the risk seem small.

Good luck!

Dr. Doc,

With the recent deregulation of tuition fees and the ever increasing standard of living in Toronto I am finding it very difficult to make ends meet. Although it is only the end of October, I have already spent my entire OSAP allotment and I have maxed out my Scotia Line-of-Credit and my credit card. How does the Harris government and the university expect me to live on such

measly yearly allowance when I have so many important bills to pay? For instance, I no longer feel able to pay for the skylight at my dreary penthouse condo so desperately needs. And my navigator has only 4 payments left - if I give that up now and I supposed to get all the way from the Horizons to school everyday? And don't forget the Armani suits and Montecristos that I need to impress the babes at the Big Easy. Intuit what's the point of going to med school if I can't afford to impress girls? This night-wing conspiracy by Harris and his consorts at the university are getting to be too much. I'm running out of options. What should I do?

Bankrupt

Dear Bankrupt,

As is typical of medical students your problem lies in a lack of imagination. The key to getting through school without crimping on the lifestyle that you are accustomed to is not a Line-of-Credit but multiple Lines-of-Credit. You see, these banks are so convinced that you'll be loaded one day that they are willing to give you money regardless of what you already owe other banks. Once that avenue has been exhausted - think laterally. Try assuming the identity of someone who has dropped out of your class and apply for their loans. Also, you might want to start stealing morphine and other drugs from the wards and selling them on the streets. Do you know the street value of Percocet? Huge money. And don't fret about the debt or criminal infractions that you'll be accumulating because as soon as you graduate, declare bankruptcy and head down to the states where someone of your character and integrity will fit right in.

Dear Doc,

Since I've come to med school I've been trying to cultivate a cool image. You know, someone who's lots of fun and doesn't work too hard? I generally like to make fun of people when I catch them doing my work using my wry sense of humour, saying things like "hey loser, get a life" or "you're a keener". But, I think my little plan has backfired. I live in fear of getting caught doing any work myself and I'm failing my courses. How can I get some work done and still look cool?

Malpractice-2-B

Dear Malpractice,

Somehow I think you're not alone. You've got to start actually doing some work. When you get caught, try using some excuse like "I'm just working on my PBL objective" or "I'm doing this now so that I can get loaded this weekend". If that doesn't work, you're going to have to do what many people do in your pathetic situation: lock yourself up in a private room and cram 48 hours straight before the exam.

The Auricle's First Annual Fashion Survey

It seems that most of us in medical school pay more attention to the contents of our lectures rather than to the articles of clothing that our fellow classmates and our professors adorn. The voter turnout was relatively low, with no decisive winner. Well, as the saying goes, it's a pleasure to be nominated. So without further ado, here are our nominees (in no particular order)

-EL

Best dressed female professors

Dr. Maria Bacchus
Dr. Marie Louie
Dr. Pat Stewart
Dr. Tania Watts
Dr. Wong

Best dressed male professors

Dr. Colin Bayliss
Dr. McIntyre Bumham
Dr. Brian Hodges
Dr. David Cornack
Dr. Ho Ping Kong
Dr. Martin Shreiber
Dr. Ian Taylor
Dr. Mike Wiley

Best dressed female OT3s

Fara Redlick
Angelina Yee

Best dressed male OT3s

Michael Bezuhly

Best dressed female OT2s

Jennifer Shin
Jolene Brady
Sonya Cook
Susan Quesnel
Harriette Van Spall

Best dressed male OT2s

Marsh Sood
Chao-Yu Hsu
Avi Isur
Raymond Kim
Todd McMullen
Daniel Penello
Cory Torgerson

Best dressed female OT1s

Catherine Yu
Laurie Lemieux

Medical Love Song

Discovered by Grant Chen

*Music by E. Idle and J. Du Prez
Words by G. Chapman and E. Idle
Sung by Graham Chapman*

Inflammation of the foreskin
Reminds me of your smile
I've had ballantian chancroids
For quite a little while
I gave my heart to NSU
That lovely night in June
I ache for you, my darling,
And I hope you'll get well soon...

My penile warts, your herpes
My syphilis sores
Your mucocellular infection
How I miss you more and more
Your dobie's itch, my scurpox
Our lovely gonorrhoea
At least we both were lying
When we said that we were clear

Our syphilitic kisses
Scaled the secret of our trust
You gave me scrotal pustules
With a quick flick of your wrist
Your trichovaginitis
Sends shivers down my spine
I got snail tracks in my anus
When your spirochetes met mine

Gonococcal urethritis
Streptococcal balanitis
Meningomyelitis
Diplococcal cephalitis
Epididymitis
Interstitial keratitis
Syphilitic chorioiditis
And anterior uveitis...

My clapped-out genitalia
Is not so bad for me
As the complete and utter failure
Every time I try to pee
My doctor says my buboes
Are the worst he's ever seen
My scrotum's painted orange
And my balls are turning green

My heart is very tender
Though my parts are awful raw
You might have been infected
But you never were a bore
I'm dying from your love, my love
I'm your spirochocidal clown
I've left my body to science
But I'm afraid they've turned it down

Gonococcal urethritis
Streptococcal balanitis
Meningomyelitis
Diplococcal cephalitis
Epididymitis
Interstitial keratitis
Syphilitic chorioiditis
And anterior uveitis...

Holy Elective

by Adam "Zorro" Rapoport

My day begins at the break of dawn to the sound of an alarm clock's chime. Although I am the only person awake in my residence, as I step outside onto the cobblestone roads, numerous faces anxious for the day ahead greet me. Passing by the countless number of famous historical sites, I exit the gate of an ancient city and enter a modern metropolis. On the bus, I find myself sitting next to a Muslim wearing a white robe and hat. Across the aisle from us is a Jew, reading from his prayer book and rocking in his seat, and a group of nuns are discussing something a few rows back. Many others get on the bus, including a self-proclaimed messiah and a couple of "God's prophets". Arriving at my destination, a security guard asks if I am carrying any weapons while my bag is checked for bombs. After changing into my uniform, the rest of my day is spent in a sterile room with my hands buried deep in the anatomy of a patient's abdomen. That was any given Tuesday, Thursday or Sunday for me this past August, and if you think that sounds interesting, wait until you hear about my days off.



All too aware of the fact that my coveted summer vacations were quickly coming to an end, I decided early in my first year of medicine that a large portion of my break would be spent abroad. It also didn't take long for me to come to the disappointing realization that medical school did not represent the end of building up my CV and that marks were not the only thing that were going to land me the residency of my choice. That's how I came to Israel, the highlight of my summer and my first year of medicine, to complete an elective in general surgery at the Hadassah Medical Centre in Jerusalem.



If the description above is enough to scare you away from visiting Israel, in any capacity, then I have given you the wrong impression. In actuality, there are few places that I have traveled where I felt as safe. Although political differences do exist among the inhabitants of the country and with some of its neighbours, the hospital, in particular, is a place where Arabs and Jews work side-by-side to save the lives of anyone in need. In fact, it is Israel's blend of different cultures with their differing practices that gives the country its unique flavour.

The abundance of classroom work in first year had me quite anxious to experience the clinical side in the operating room. I was taught the basics, including how one "scrubs-in" and general surgical protocol. I also had a chance to observe many common surgical techniques and even some of the "tricks of the trade". Although I sometimes felt that little or no training at all was required for some of the tasks I performed, I always felt as though I was a part of the team and that my role was essential for the procedure. And my individual effort helped the team accomplish its goals on numerous occasions while assisting in gastrectomies, thyroidectomies, partial hepatectomies, and many others.

As I alluded to earlier, my time away from the hospital was spent on countless adventures and site-seeing excursions. Although traversing the entire country of Israel takes no more than nine hours by bus, the tiny nation has so much to offer in terms of history and beauty. Anyone with any interest in the bible, regardless of his or her religious beliefs, would find Israel to be a fascinating land. Experiences such as floating in the Dead Sea, seeing a musical festival in Svat, and going to a rave in the Negev desert are just a few of the incredible memories I have. Furthermore, Israel's neighbouring countries also offer much to be seen by any traveler. Visiting the ancient city of Petra in Jordan and seeing the magnificent sculptures in the rock face, made me question why it was not included among the Wonders of the World.

The summer of '99 will always be remembered as one of the great ones for me. The experience of completing a surgical elective in Jerusalem will surely represent one of the high points in my medical training. In fact, the only drawback of the whole adventure is that next summer doesn't have a chance of living up to the last one.

Guatemalan Journey

by Joel Kallie

The following is a journal entry written in a small village in Guatemala where I spent some time after self-terminating my work at a hospital this past summer.

"Luckily, the scene before me is too beautiful and interesting to entrust to the limited scope of the photograph so I am forced to describe it on paper. The storm has engulfed Tlalib and Atitlan volcanoes and is rumbling menacingly towards volcano San Pedro upon whose slope my hotel is perched. Circling through the dark skies are dozens of turkey vultures (a particularly ugly member of the species) juxtaposed beside myriads of children's kites jerking and swaying in the wind. Oddly enough these kites are pointing directly into the oncoming storm leading me to believe that either (a) I am totally wrong about the storm's direction (b) our volcano makes some sort of wind vortex or (c) two fronts are merging above me and causing the rumbling and certain rain in the distance. Methinks (e) is most likely for I can see, way in the distance, two wisps of clouds meeting and merging like huge waves.

What also cannot be ignored is the sound emanating from the numerous churches: piano, electric guitar and bass, sax, drums and, of course, voices raised in song to the exalted heavens. Birds too pipe in their two cents worth and squawk, chirp, bleat, and cluck their praises to unnamed deities. [These damned roosters. I'll get them for waking me up at 5am. I'll get them and eat every brainless mother-clucking one of them.] And of course we cannot fail to mention my nemesis "The Squawker", an as yet unidentified bird caged in my neighbour's yard and fond of screaming "OLA!!" at the top of its bloody lungs at all hours of the day and night. Actually, right now I can hear... echting out an unknown phrase and a museum which must be in the local language Sutocheed. An instant reminder of noises unrecorded has been given to me from the brief

respite we are presently experiencing in Evangelical song making. Dogs, construction, maize smashers, firecrackers, and ice cream trucks constantly playing the theme from "The Sting" and shouting out the praises of I quetzal ice cream all adorn the aural landscape. Ah! I forget my favourite sound of all - the palm trees rustling in the wind just feet away and which exotically frame the cool volcanic lake in the background which beckons me towards its refreshing waters. But I'm, tired. Tired from a lazy Sunday spent sleeping, eating, rehydrating, yogicising and rehydrating. I think what I need is a nap...its a tough life.



Community Corner

by Shalini Desai

As a part of the Medical Society, Community Affairs acts as a liaison between medical students and volunteer opportunities within the Toronto Community. Through seven different programs, medical students are invited to participate in a variety of activities that range from raising money for the United Way, donating blood to interacting with high school students to discuss healthy sexuality, science or to tutoring.

The first three months of school have been a busy time for all of the program directors and core volunteers as they prepare for the upcoming year. The following is a quick look at the small contribution we have made to our community in the past three months.

The Humewood House Reading Circle

Humewood House is a shelter for women and children in distress. In order to encourage the children to read, medical student volunteers go to the



house two times per week to facilitate a reading circle. So far the feedback has been tremendous from both the kids and the volunteers!

The CN Tower Stair Climb

On behalf of the OT3 class, Aaron Yusuf and Dinesh Nathan challenged the OT2 class to climb the 1176 stairs to the top of the CN Tower for the United Way. On Friday October 15th, 12 OT3s and 19 OT2s met at the base of the CN Tower to make the climb! Fun was had by all and over \$700 was raised for the United Way.

Donor Wars

Episode VI: The Phantom Donor In collaboration with the Canadian Blood Services, MedSoc hosted its six annual Blood Drive. Tyler Rouse and his volunteers did a fantastic job of organizing a raffle, food, and a performance by "Orbital Groove" the medical students' band. The event was a huge success, over 150 people volunteered to donate blood.

Trick or Eat

On Saturday October 30, a group of medical students went door to door to collect food for the Daily Bread Food Bank. 600 homes within the Annex area received flyers explaining the event, one week prior to food collection.

Upcoming Events:

- November: Speakers Series on Reproductive Health Issues
Let's Talk Science Volunteer Recruitment
Healthy Sexuality Volunteer Recruitment
- December: Christmas Toy Drive
January: Saturday Program Volunteer Recruitment
Out of the Cold/ Soup Kitchen Evening



A & A

(It's Not What You Think!?)

While many of us think that the burden of medical school is more than enough to handle, there are those among us who wish to handle more...

On October 4, 1999, students at U of T who have excelled at both academics and athletics were honored. Among these students were some of our very own.

Drum roll please.....

Student	Sport
Helen Dempster	Rowing
Gillian Edmonds	Water Polo
Michael Koehle	Nordic Skiing
Tara Lawmore	Soccer
Matthew McInnes	Track and Field
Carolyn Owen	Track and Field
Neely Pano	Nordic Skiing
Adam Suky	Water Polo
Adrienne Vraats	Badminton
San Wong	Rowing

-NP

Medstock 1999

Thursday, October 21, 1999

Wemore Hall, New College

by Angelina Chan

Donuts, pumpkins, music, and laughter... these elements could only be found together at one event, Medstock 1999. On October 21, the Fitzgerald Academy was proud to present Medstock 1999, an informal coffee house event, where students share their respective artistic talents. Started last year, Medstock has now enjoyed two successful evenings, and there are high hopes that the tradition of music and art appreciation continues forever.

If you couldn't make it to Medstock because you were trying to figure out the closure of the foramen ovale or because you were frantically researching psychosocial issues for PBL, here are some of the things you missed. The night opened with Paul Kuzyk's second piano playing debut and ended with Adam Ropot's release of the Meds Anthem. Mike Bezuhly and Aviv Gladman's poetry improv of "I ate my donkey", had us crying with laughter, while the beautiful harmonies of the string performances brought us back to the classics. Highlights also included Lymph Biskit with their curious outfits and songs about cows and other unmentionables. Singing dominated the evening with renditions of popular song by Sarah McLaughlin and The

Barenaked Ladies, plus some original songs. Thanks to ALL of the performers who made the night a success.

In addition, thank you to the volunteers who helped us set up the decorations and food. Particularly, thank you Sodezho Mariott Food Services for donating desserts and coffee/tea. Thanks to Diana Ali for generously donating the chips, cookies, and pop - sorry you couldn't make it, but we expect you on stage in the spring! Finally, thanks again



to Dr. Taylor. Your encouragement and support regarding Medstock is greatly appreciated. Thanks for sharing in our vision and making it a reality. We are proud to announce that close to \$200 was raised and will be donated to the group, Artists Against Racism, on behalf of the Fitzgerald Academy.

Keep your voices warm and instruments tuned, because we're hoping that Medstock 2000 will be an even bigger success!



PB Ruled Academy Challenge

Wightman-Beris might have won the academy challenges on U of T day but Peters-Boyd ruled.

The challenge began with a barbecue cook-off with the chic Chez Peters-Boyd burger joint, the delicious Mexican fajitas from Fitz, and the delightful stand from Wightman-Beris. The close competition forced the judges to declare a three-way tie. The true winners that day were the attendees who got dirt-cheap food.

Later, 30 valiant Peters-Boyd academics went into virgin territory and erammed into Dean Naylor's "DeanMobile". Competing academics decided to exploit child labour. Fitz attempted to bribe young children with candies while Wightman-Beris made a baby cry to win the challenge by cramming 44 people into the

DeanMobile. Shame on you.

Finally, it was down to the pie-eating contest. Against unfavorable odds, Peters-Boyd was forced to compete back-to-back against Wightman-Beris and Fitzgerald academics. Fortunately, our true might and gluttony enabled us to elaim victory by a wide margin.

What can I say? PB rules.

-EL



Academy Challenge Buzz

by Cory Torgerson

Saturday, October 16, 1999, what a perfect day to be a beet one last glorious day before a winter of egg fertilizing and hibernation. Life, however, is not without risks, and flying over the Medical Sciences Building turned out to be absolutely CRAZY!

There I was, minding my own bees' wax, showing off my exceptional acrobatic flying skills to the honeys, when I was completely overtaken by the pungent and captivating smell of BBQ! Upon investigation, I found myself surrounded by hordes of beaming medical students in the middle of an Academy Challenge. I was peacefully fixating on Julia Lee's chicken fajita as Fitzgerald headquarters when I suddenly found myself in her mouth. You can imagine how mad I got before she let me go!

In my haste to buzz outta there, I flew straight into Diana Ali's hair and became entrapped in her hairspray. I struggled for quite a while to get out, but it was not until the Daffydil Band started playing and Diana began whipping her head around to the beat of the music that I finally was freed.

On my way to seek some peace and quiet, I flew into Dean Naylor's van and found a great big juicy piece of gum under the passenger's seat! Suddenly, the van doors swung open and 44 incensed

Wightman-Beris students squeezed themselves into the "DeanMobile". Although I usually don't mind small crowded spaces, Dean Martin sat on my wing, and that was it! I barely even ate him and he started screaming like a teenage girl at a Back Street Boy's concert.

With all the commotion I forgot that I hadn't relieved myself all day. Luckily, I found this great stash of apple pie and let'er rip! I was barely finished when Peters-Boyd's Elana Lavine lurched towards the pie and inhaled it faster than a Hoover in a sand box. Holy crap - I just about was pulled into her vortex!

I gotta tell ya, these kids are more enthusiastic than a grad student finding out for the first time that he got accepted into Medicine! They sent me back to my hive reeling, with my slinger between my legs!



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Grunters' Report

Are you happy with your grunts?
Did they perform the services you requested?
Are you satisfied with their performance?

The Auricle decided to ask a few gruntes to see what they thought of their grunts from the Grunt Auction. Here are some responses.

Happy with my grunt? How can you not be happy with a grunt like Julia Lee? She smiles so much it's contagious! She may not have baked us cookies yet [Get cracking, girl!], but she's still a star in my books!

-Giovanna Sirrom

Shalini was great. She was open to doing everything. I was a gruntee myself so I was too busy to think of things for her to do. But she did make these fantastic cookies and brownies for me. Delicious!!!

-Wilson Marthin

The good thing about buying two grunts is that if one sucks, the other can compensate. Angelina was an awesome grunt. Granted, she didn't clean the bathtub and nor did she take out the trash, but at least she was willing to trek all over Toronto to do grocery shopping for me. Sharmistha, on the other hand, shouldn't be allowed to auction herself as a grunt. What kind of a grunt does nothing and then asks her grunter to make her a sandwich. It's a good thing that Angelina's value-added services made up for Sharmistha's short-comings.

-Edward Leung

Meds Volleyball Towards FSS 2000

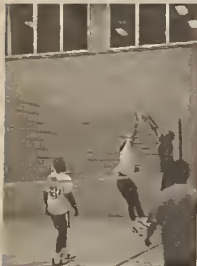
by Michael Chang

Volleyball is one of those team sports that many of us learned to play in high school. Remember those days? Too bad that when undergraduate university life started I was too busy to get involved with a university team, never mind to qualify for the Varsity team. After so many years since high school, it wasn't until last year that I played intramural



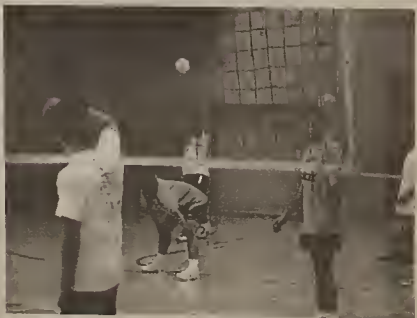
volleyball. However, we didn't advance too far and the season ended quickly.

This year is, perhaps, the last year my classmates and I will have the chance to get together and play at the Men's Div II intramural level. After our MedsA team had a rough start, one weekend at home, while catching up with all the immunology, I turned on the TV and saw the Canadian National Volleyball team playing a match against Japan. Luckily, a few of us saw the match and we were inspired. Next time on the court, ooh what a big improvement! Those skills that we had learned and abandoned for so long were coming back.



Technique and communication are so important to win a volleyball game. We have people that are willing to put in the effort to come out and play. Thanks. Although we are yet to break the 6 feet barrier, we have proven to ourselves that we can play hard and win. Spiking and blocking, yes we can! GO MEDS GO! It is such a good feeling when we see a spike or a block going down on our opponents, or when we see a perfect dig and save. Right guys? The season is short, but we are now preparing ourselves for FSS.

Keep up the hard work!

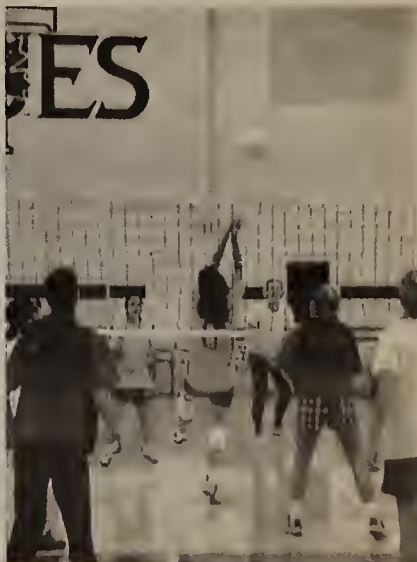


Women's Volleyball

Division I



Division II



Meds Intramural Soccer

Men



Women



Women's Basketball



O, O, O ...

No. I'm not talking about the cranial nerves – get your mind out of the anatomical gutter! I am talking about that distant memory of orientation week.

For the Keeners, (a group to which apparently only belonged during O-week) orientation week started on Monday August 23rd 1999. There's nothing like a study of carpal bones and a tour of the campus (a.k.a. downtown Toronto) to freak out a non-Torontonian OT3.

It seems so long ago that we all sat in the auditorium on that faithful Tuesday morning. It was a strange morning full of serious information riddled with comedy. A feeling of awe overwhelmed me as I recited the Oath. Those anxious feelings didn't last long once the Daffydil gang hit the stage.

To tell you the truth, the rest of that day (and actually the whole week) is sort of a blur. I vividly remember the scavenger hunt. I was under the silly impression that 15 or so people bound together dancing on the street would elicit some strange glances from passers-by – apparently not on Yonge Street.

And then there was the Madison. Oh the Maddy – the first "social" OT3 experience. Who could forget it? Well, apparently a few people woke up the next morning with memory difficulties.

And then there was Yuk Yuk's. I can't remember what night that was but I do remember that it was great fun; especially if you sat in the front – night Big Shooter?

I have been told that the Center Island Game day was a fun-filled day. I

must admit that I took that day off from the exhausting activities of O-week to go relax at Wasaga beach.

However I was back in full form for the Hart House breakfast. I didn't realize that medical students get so much free food. The beautiful surroundings of Hart House were filled with good food, interesting speeches, and the giddy banter of OT3's. And then there were the bed races. There were those "lucky" few who became the unsuspecting (and later terrified) victims on the pumpy. Now, I don't know about you but it seems awfully dangerous to be running full speed pushing an occupied gurney, especially in the rain! Maybe I'm just bitter – having had my life flash before me as I was soaking wet and nothing to show for it. Yes I am from Peters-Boyd – we may have lost the bed race but at least we had the best lunch! Did I mention it was catered?

And so the blurry yet totally exciting week of "O" ended with the physical graffiti party on Friday night. Who knew defacing people's bodies could be so fun? As the party was winding down on that faithful Friday (or was it Saturday by then?) a little twinge of sadness came over me. O-week was over. It had had its ups and its downs but mostly it was just a big party. And we loved it!

On behalf of the class of OT3: Thank you from the apex of our hearts to all the co-ordinators of O-week. We will cherish our blue backpacks and our amazing O-week memories forever. Now if only I could wash that permanent marker off my neck....



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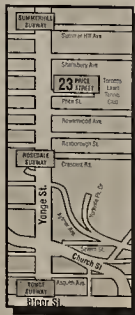
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